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The poem, Heaven, was written by Mary Emma (Squire) Loomis. A facsimile of that poem, as it appears in her diary for 1930-1931, is given below.

— Heaven. — 23

How would Heaven seem to you,
If in all that region blue,
No bird should flit on feathered wing,
No cock should crow, nor cricket sing?

How would Heaven seem to you,
If horse or dog you never knew?
If no herd grazed on distant hill,
If no cat purred on window sill?

How would Heaven seem to you,
Where dwell in joy the good and true,
Without the little shy wild life
With which our field and woods are rife?

"How would Heaven seem to me"?
You ask me this; I'll answer free,
If there is none but human race,
Heaven would be a lonesome place.

E B L.